

Eng. Poetry vol 19.12

THE  
MAUSOLEUM  
A  
POEM

Sacred to the

Memory of Her late MAJESTY

QUEEN ANNE

Written by Mr. THEOBALD.

—Terras Astræa reliquit. Ov.  
Hinc illæ Lacrymæ! — Hor.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Jonas Brown, at the Black Swan without Temple-  
Bar: And Sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. 1714.



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—Terror Africa relinquit.  
Hinc ille Iacynthi! — Hor.



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To the Right Honourable

**CHARLES**  
**EARL OF ORRERY,**

Baron Boyle of Marston in the County of Sa-  
merfet, One of the Knights of the Most  
Ancient Order of the Thistle, and One of  
the Most Honourable Privy-Council.

My LORD,

My LORD,



Do not entertain a Thought of  
more Ambition, than that Ea-  
ger Desire with which I am car-  
ried to submit this Poem to your  
Censure, and commit it to your  
Patronage: Not that I am guil-  
ty of Vanity enough to imagine it can please a  
Person of your Lordship's delicate Taste and ex-  
act Judgment; but I have flatter'd my self into  
Hopes,



## DEDICATION.

*Hopes, that there is nothing in it so Mean, as your Candour will not extend to forgive. My LORD, I should have rejoyc'd in a less Melancholly Occasion of tending my Duty; but, as Sorrow now peculiarly claims our Pens, I know no Nobleman of England has a larger Right to any thing consecrated to your Great Mistress's Memory. The most exalted Genius necessarily must doat most on Her Sacred Virtues. The World has already done Justice to your Lordship's Character on this Head; and it would be Unpardonable in me now to dwell on a Subject, which your Modesty will not bear to hear Repeated. This Address will sufficiently convince your Lordship of my Presumption, but I beg it may witness for Me too, with what a profound Respect I am,*

**My LORD,**

**Your Lordship's**

**Most Obedient and Devoted**

**Humble Servant,**

**Lew. Theobald.**













THE  
MUSEUM  
A  
POEM.

**M**OURN, *Albion*, mourn; *Astrea's* now  
no more:  
She's gone, and in her Death made Na-  
ture poor.  
*Astrea's* now no more!—the Vales a-  
round,  
Complain, and *Eccho* spreads the Tort'ring Sound.  
Sick of a Guilty Realm, no longer now  
She bears to sit \* *Jove's Substitute* below:  
Of Fraud, of Faction, and of Discord tir'd,  
Too soon, alas! She to lost Peace aspir'd:

B

Disdain'd

\* In Allusion to a Medal struck on Her Majesty's Coronation, with this Motto,—  
*Vicem gerit Illa Tonantis.*



Disdain'd *Three Kingdoms* Discontented Sway,  
Sigh'd for Repose, and Bliss without Allay;  
Knew These were fix'd *Above*, and thither wing'd her Way. }  


But oh! fond Bard, restrain thy tow'ring Flight;  
Nor trace Her Glories thro' such Floods of Light:  
Least, lost in Splendor and by Day o'ercome,  
Thou meet the rash Bewilder'd † *Phaeton's* Doom.  
With safe and easie Pinions downwards glide,  
Nor, in th' Immortal Glare, confess thy Pride:  
To sad *Britannia's* Isle thy Views address;  
Mark her just Groans, and dwell on her Distress!

\* What Bounds can be prescrib'd to Mighty Grief,  
Where the sad Cause admits of no Relief?  
Where Wisdom does our Debt of Tears allow,  
And Loyalty commands Immoderate Woe?

Thou of the *Sacred Nine*, whom *Jove* ordains  
To sooth the melting Soul with Mournful Strains,  
Assist; my Melancholy Song inspire;  
If Sorrow have not quite unstrung thy Lyre.  
In Notes of Weeping Harmony declare  
*Astrea's* Virtues, and Her Land's Despair.

† *Suntque oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen abortae:  
Volunt in praecipis, longoque per aëra tractu*

*Fertur:*

*Ov. Met. L. 2.*

\* *Quis Desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tam Chari Capitis? &c.*

*Hor. L. 1. Od. 24.*

Does



‡ Does an *Eternal Slumber* on Her lye?  
 Has Envious Death for ever clos'd Her Eye?  
 For ever quench'd that Light, that, like the Sun,  
 Without Reserve, on ev'ry Briton shone;  
 Where Love with Pow'r in sweet Confusion met,  
 And Majesty with Mercy blended sat.  
 An Union so compleat in Her was seen;  
 She Reign'd a Mother, and She Liv'd a Queen!  
 † Where now shall Truth or Faith her Equal find:  
 Where Justice rule so strict, yet unconfi'd?  
 Virtues, like Parts, met there, to form in One  
 The Pride of Sex, and Lustre of a Throne.

But Virtue's self in vain with Death contends:  
 Heav'n, in his Time, resumes the Breath he lends:  
 His Grim commission'd Slave, made strong with Pow'r,  
 Strict in his Rage, observes the pointed Hour:  
 No Tears can bribe, no Piety persuade,  
 The Terrors of his Office to evade:  
 No Purple Grandeur awe his Licens'd Hand;  
 Or boasted Merit his Arrest withstand:  
 \* All Mortal things must feel his Equal Pow'r;  
 The Rural Cottage, and the Regal Tow'r!

Then,

‡ Ergo Quintilium perpetuus Sopor  
 Urget? &c.

Hor. L. i. Od. 24.

†—Cui pudor, & justitiae Soror

Interventa fides, nudaque Veritas,  
 Quando ullam invenient parem?

Hor. L. i. Od. 24.

\* Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum Tabernas,  
 Regumque turres.

Id. L. i. Od. 4.



Then, *Albion*, mourn; *Astrea's* Loss deplore,  
 Whom Fate has snatch'd, and Never must restore.  
 O! May not Grief of hasty Fate complain,  
 That robs us of such Blessings, such a Reign?  
 \* Alas! the happy sitting Years are gone;  
 The Golden Hours have flit away too soon!  
 Ye *Muses*, aid my Grief, and swell my Verse;  
 Ye *Woods*, shed all your Honours on her *Herse*!  
 Ye *Purple Flow'rs*, your Summer Glories hide;  
 Drop your faint Heads, and throwd your gaudy Pride!  
 Fade all ye *Myrtles*, nor *Her* Fate survive;  
 But baleful *Tews* alone, and *Cypress* thrive!  
 Ye *Birds*, to Sorrow tune your warbling Throats;  
 And practise mourning *Philomela's* Notes;  
 Ye list'ning *Ecchoes*, the soft *Dirge* re-sing;  
 And, *Poets*, only touch the *Elegiack* String!

Divine *Astrea's* fled, and left behind  
 Nought but the Mem'ry of her Sacred *Mind*.  
 A *Mind* so Great, so fraught with Heav'nly Fire,  
 As *Heroes* might affect, and *Saints* admire!  
 Had I a Verse as sweet, a Voice as strong  
 As *Orpheus*, to attract the list'ning Throng,  
 And Charm them to the Musick of my Song;  
 Its Theme should be *Her* *Virtues* to proclaim,  
 And so transmit my living Lines to Fame.

\* *Eben! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,*  
*Labatur Anni. &c.* *Id. L. 2. Od. 1.*

But



But Tasks like these an Abler Hand require,  
 The Tongue of *Hermes*, and *Apollo's* Lyre;  
 An Art like *His*, who could lost Worth retrieve,  
 And *Cato* to the wond'ring World revive!  
 An Art like \* *His*, who, by the God inspir'd,  
 Could make *Lodona* flow, and be admir'd!  
 O! would their Ever-living Numbers chuse  
 In *Her* bright Name t' invoke the willing *Muse*:  
 The wishing *Albion* might her Queen survey,  
 In all her Lov'd Attire of Virtues, gay.  
 There, read the Wonders of *Her* Reign, and find  
 The strong Reflexion of her Godlike Mind:  
 Perhaps too, in a sweet Delusion caught,  
 And flatter'd by the animated Draught,  
 Finding the Pencil had so rarely done,  
 Might think her once again upon the Throne!  
 With Majesty adorn'd, with Conquest blest!  
 Immortal *Blenheim* in her Smiles express:  
 Redressing Wrongs, and Succ'ring the Distrest!  
 The Arbitress of War, of Peace become;  
 Peace, forc'd abroad; but gently Urg'd, at Home!

Bold *Muse*, forbear; thy proud Description end;  
 From that bright Image to thy Griefs descend,

+ *Mr. Addison.*  
 \* *Mr. Pope in his Windsor-Forest,*



So gazing on the Sun's resplendent Ray,  
 (Rashness of Pride, our Weakness to betray!)  
 We're punish'd in our Crime, and weep our Eyes away.  
 Employ'd with Silent, but with Solemn Woe,  
 Let it content thy Struggling Soul, to shew  
 Tho' not the Poet's, yet the Subject's Part:  
 Build *Her* a *Mausoleum*, in thy Heart!

Snatch me, ye Pow'rs, to some unhallow'd Grove;  
 The Seat of Sorrow, and unprosperous Love;  
 Where Solitude in sullen Pomp presides;  
 Where none resort, but whom Despair misguides;  
 Where *Pan* ne'er Revell'd, nor the *Nymphs* e'er play'd;  
 Where no Enquiring Rays the Gloom invade;  
 Nor Gaiety presumes t' infect the Rev'rend Shade.  
 Where Ruffet Leaves still blast, as they renew:  
 And low'ring Clouds descend in constant Dew.  
 Where Birds, and whisp'ring Zephyrs are unknown;  
 But Paddocks croak, and Winds ungentle Groan,  
 There on th' Unwholesome Grass my Limbs I'll spread,  
 And on a Rivulet's Bank support my Head.  
 To ev'ry murm'ring Wave in Tears complain,  
 And to the Hollow Blasts sigh out my Pain,  
 And if my Anguish can still higher grow,  
 Let Horror and the Place th' Encrease bestow;  
 From Horror and the Place, I'll cherish rising Woe.



O strong Delusion of the working Soul!  
 How pow'rful Fancy, that can Truth controul!  
 Methinks, my Wish is crown'd, and I am laid  
 Beneath the Distant Unfrequented Shade;  
 Thou Sacred Silence, who art Mistress here!  
 Who reign'st Unrivall'd, Awful, and Severe!  
 Great Nurse of Contemplation, Queen of Thought!  
 Hear him, who has thy Gloomy Mansions sought;  
 Drive from thy still Retreats Malicious Fame;  
 That I secure may breath *Astrea's* Name.  
 From Rumour, and from Babbling Ecchoes free,  
 And safe in an Uncensur'd Privacy.  
 O! May the trembling Sound alone survive  
 To such as pleas'd can Smile; unpleas'd, Forgive.

Or Thou, *Astrea*, whom these Empires mourn,  
 Thou, \* who th' *Angelick Councils* dost adorn;  
 Who dost o'er *States* thy *Saving Care* extend,  
 § Or the slow Months with a *New Star* befriend;  
 † Begin to be Invok'd; and thy Assistance lend.  
 Supply the wanting *Muse*; Inspire my Lays:  
 Thou Subject of my Sorrow, of my Praise!

‡ What

\* *Tunc ades, quem mox qua sint habitura Deorum  
 Concilia, incertum est, arbisne invisere, Caesar  
 Terrarumque Velis curam:*

§ *Anno Novum tardis Sidus te Mensibus addas.*

† *Ingrederere, & votis jam nunc assuesce Vocari.*

Virg. Geor. 1.



‡ What tho' no Verse can make Thee grow in Fame,  
 Or add Fresh Glories to thy Lasting Name:  
 Yet *Jove* himself, transplanted to the Sky,  
 Like Thee, in Honour and in Virtue high,  
 Was pleas'd, to hear the Bards his Deeds rehearse;  
 And proud, to stand the Argument of Verse!

She comes!—The Goddess from her Heav'n descends;  
 Permits thy Task, thy Piety commends:  
*Urania*, haste; Erect the labour'd Tomb;  
 Strong let it rise, for Ages yet to come:  
 Time, exercise thy Rage on temper'd Brass;  
 With mould'ring Rust subdue the harden'd Mass:  
 Thy crushing Hand on Marble Structures lay,  
 The polish'd Rock must melt in slow Decay.  
 But what *Astrea* claims, in Pity spare;  
 Nor let Corroding Hours the Fabrick wear:  
 Nor canker'd Envy blast, or impious Scorn impair.

The Bidden Pile ascends; its Sides adorn  
 Millions of Gems from Fancy's Quarry torn;  
 That sparkling in their fluid Fires proclaim  
*Astrea's* Virtues, and *Astrea's* Fame.

(So *Urim* on the Prophet's Breast, of Old,  
 In blazing Light did Mystick Fate unfold.

‡ *Non tua Carminibus major fit Gloria; nec quo,  
 Us major fiat, crescere possit habet.  
 Fama Jovis superest, tamen hunc sua facta refert  
 Et se Materiam Carminis esse juvat.*

So,  
 Ov. Trist.



So, when *Astrea* sat upon the Throne,  
Her Actions to the World amazing shone.)  
On Steps beneath, † the pensive *Graces* wait,  
With Hair dishevell'd, and oppress'd with Fate;  
Higher, the \* *Queen* of *Loves* bright in her Tears,  
But pale, as for *Adonis'* Death, appears;  
Wild as affrighted Monarchs, when they hear  
Invasions are on Foot, and Ruin near.  
§ Shorn of their Silver Locks the *Cupids* sit,  
And languish at their Drooping Mother's Feet;  
Stung with the pangs of Sympathetick Woe,  
*This* breaks his Shafts, and † *Other* spurns his Bow.  
Fronting the *Goddesses*, does poor ¶ *Hymen* stand;  
His Nuptial Torch extinguish'd in his Hand:  
No *Saffron Robe* his Sacred Limbs adorns;  
But, dead to Joy, the *Sable Deity* mourns.  
His Wreaths, that should some happy Head have crown'd,  
Neglected, on the Floor are strew'd around.

High, o'er the Tomb, a Pompous *Arch* ascends;  
Beneath whose seeming Weight the Column bends:  
Four Regal Forms aloft the Tablet grace,  
And, rang'd by Time, maintain their certain Place.

D

High

† 'Αἱ χεῖρες κλαίοντι.  
\* Ὄδ' ἀλοφύροιο κίτερος.  
§ Ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν κλαίοντες ἀναστυλάχουσιν Ἑρῶτες,  
Κεῖσθ' ὡς χαίτας ἐπ' Ἀδωνίδι χῶ μὴ οἴσας,  
Ὅς δ' ἐπὶ τόξον ἔβαιν', ὃς δ' εὐπύκνον ἄγε φανέτρην.  
¶ Ἐσβεσε λαμπράδα πᾶσαν ἐπὶ φλαῖς Τροάϊον.  
Καὶ γέφ' ἐξεπύκνον γαμήλιον.



High on the Right, on Pedestal of Gold  
 A purple Monarch stands, † August, but Old:  
 He, who when *Albion* mourn'd *Eliza's* Fate,  
 Taught her to hope, and rais'd her drooping State;  
 Who to her Realms the *Calidonian* Land  
 Link'd in a friendly, but not lasting, Band.  
 Beneath, the \* *Second*; not unlike his Sire;  
 But milder Features quench'd the Martial Fire:  
 Nature his Soul did in his Visage paint;  
 Proud to lay down the *Monarch*, for the *Saint*!  
 Stript of his Crown, his hoary Temples bare;  
 But hov'ring Angels the stoln Pomp repair:  
 And a Celestial Wreath, tho' Thorny, bear.  
 But rest Thee there, rash *Muse*; nor dare to pry  
 On Horrors that will blast th' Enquiring Eye;  
 Horrors, whose Mem'ry makes a Nation groan;  
 And dread the Judgments must her Guilt atone;  
 For Truth, to Eternize the dire Disgrace,  
 A Block below, and bleeding *Ax* does place.  
 O'er the left Columns, high, a † *Third* does stand,  
 And wields the peaceful Sceptre in his Hand;  
 A Sceptre struggling Loyalty restor'd  
 To bless its *Rightful*, but its *Exil'd* Lord!  
 Pleasure and Ease the Regal Cares controul;  
 Glow on his Cheek, and mark the sprightly Soul.  
 Not so, beneath, his § *Successor* appears;  
 But on his Brow a Gloom of Sorrow wears.

† *K. James I.*  
 • *K. Charles I.*

† *K. Charles II.*  
 § *K. James II.*



Irresolute Debate dwells in his Eyes,  
 Haste rules his Feet, and Fear of rude Surprize.  
 With Outstretch'd wishing Arms he seems to fold  
 The *Abdicated* Realms, he must not hold.  
 Unhappy Prince!—by Zeal too strongly Sway'd;  
 Hadst thou thy Reason's better Light obey'd,  
 Thou hadst been more a King, and less betray'd.  
 Peace on thy *Sacred Urn*! All Errors sleep  
 In the dark Vault, that does thy Ashes keep.  
 Let later Times thy Triumphs only sing,  
 And in the *Glorious Duke*, forgive the King.  
 So, from a short Eclipse, the God of Day  
 Shines out, and reasserts his Darken'd Ray;  
 Thy Light renew'd, *Albion* with Joy must own;  
 That saw *Astrea* gild the dazzling Throne.

But soft, my *Muse*! and upward turn thy Eyes,  
 Prepar'd as well for Sorrow, as Surprize.  
 What *Young Augustus*, ‡ with Distinguish'd Grace,  
 Claims the Mid Arch, and fills th' Ennobled Space;

What

————— ‡ videbat  
*Egregium formâ Juvenem,*  
*Filius? Anne aliquis magnâ de stirpe Nepotum?*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
*Sed vox atra Caput tristi circumvolat Umbra.*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
*Offendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra*  
*Esse sœnt. Nimirum vobis Romana propago*  
*Visa potens, superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent.*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
*Nec puer Iliacâ quisquam de gente Latinos*  
*In tantum spe tollet avos; nec Romula quondam*  
*Ullo se tantum tellus jactabit alumno.*  
 ————— *Invictaque bello*  
*Dextera! non illi quisquam se impune tulisset*  
*Obruius armato, &c.*  
*Hæc Miserrande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas*  
*Tu Marcellus eris. ————— Virg. Æn. 6.*



What Great *Descendant* of the Royal Line?  
 But Night and Shadows his Check'd Beams confine.  
 The Fates did this *Short Wonder* barely lend,  
 And to encrease our Hopes, our Grief suspend.  
 Too lavish Blessings had enrich'd the Throne,  
 If Heav'n had pleas'd to make this Gift our Own.  
 No Prince shall greater Expectations raise;  
 Or *Britain* e'er a Nobler Offspring praise.  
 What Wonders might He in the Field have done!  
 What Foes encounter'd! and what Trophies won!  
 O much Lamented Youth! couldst thou have broke  
 The Force of Fate, and shook the galling Yoke;  
 Then ripen'd *Gloster* had more pow'ful throne,  
 The brightest *Jewel* in the *British Crown*!

Ye \* *Nymphs*, with Flow'rs your fragrant Baskets fill;  
 Crop the soft *Lilly*, and the fertil *Dill*;  
 Pale *Violets*, and the blushing *Poppy* bring,  
 And all the *Treasur'd Odours* of the Spring:  
 † The Vegetable Sweets, unsparing, strew;  
 And this *Vain Office* on his Grave bestow.  
 Tears too a Tribute to his Mem'ry bring;  
 But could ye make your Eyes a weeping Spring,  
 Its Streams are owing to *Astrea* Dead;  
*Astrea* claims more Tears than you can shed!

Here,

\* ——— *Tibi Lilia plenis*  
*Ecce ferunt Nymphae calathis: tibi candida Nais*  
*Pallentes Violas & Summa papavera carpens, &c.*  
 † *His saltem accumulalem donis, & fanger inani*  
*Munere.* ———



Here, Mighty Princess, rest; Imperial Shade!  
 Accept the humble Honours I have paid;  
 Gods oft have their Ambrosial Domes exchange'd  
 For meaner Roofs, and with the Peasant rang'd.  
 Here if thou wilt reside, a Grove shall rise;  
 And Elms and Oaks invade the nearer Skies:  
 The Palm and Olive shall unplanted grow;  
 The Woodbine shoot, and fragrant Jess'mine blow.  
 The *British* Nymphs in frequent Throngs resort,  
 And make a grateful, but a *Sable*, Court.  
 The Bards in solemn Choirs their Voices raise,  
 Shall charm the Wood with their *Enchanting* Lays:  
 And tune their sounding Lyres to *Monumental* Praise.

Let all be hush'd! and *Midnight* Silence reign;  
 My ravish'd Ear drinks in th' harmonious Strain:  
 Some artful Hand has strook the trembling String,  
 And thro' the Grove *Africa's* Honours ring.

*Muse*, catch the graceful Numbers as they fly;  
 Or force *Officious* Eccho to reply,  
 To soar, and intercept the mounting Harmony:  
 The *Muse* obeys; the breathing Notes rebound;  
 And sweet, as Zephyrs charg'd with Odours, sound.  
 Soft, as the Down of *Cythera's* Doves,  
 The Soft and Sweet become *Africa's* Loves!



Her Nuptial Faith, her Tenderness, and Joy,  
And all her pleasing Cares the Theme employ.  
Intrude not, anxious Pomp; the soft'ned Strain  
Does thy Imperial Pageantry disdain.  
Domestick Transports swell the private Song;  
And warbling Lutes the blissful Notes prolong.  
Heav'ns! How she shines, divested of her State;  
And only, in *Connubial Virtues*, Great.  
To her Lord's Will how fondly *She* resign'd,  
Whene'er he would disclose his Princely Mind!  
How Diligent, his young Desires to trace,  
And read th' expressive Passion in his Face!  
Listen, ye Matrons, and her Arts essay;  
Contend, like her, to Love; like her, Obey.  
Recall her to your Souls; regard her Life;  
And view her as a Mother, as a Wife!  
But, hark! the Winds convey a sprightlier Sound;  
The *Lute* is in the louder *Trumpet* drown'd  
The Martial Notes proclaim her on the Throne;  
And distant Realms her rightful Empire own:  
In vain disputing *France* her Claim denies,  
And a Rejected Heir does Idolize.  
Whene'er she fights, *Bellona* lends her Car,  
And *Mars* deals out his Magazines of War.  
Her Terrors spread; their unresisted Sway  
The *Gallick* Pow'rs confess, and yield the Day.



Just to her Triumphs, the Impartial Verse  
Does *Bourbon's* now retracted Boasts rehearse:  
Surpris'd by Conquests, He her Title owns;  
And hails her, Mistress of the *British* Thrones!  
Sues for her Friendship; makes the Battle cease;  
And fervidly demands the Terms of Peace.

The Warlike Strains are chang'd; the warbling *Flute*  
Does from the *Grove* the gladd'ned Ear salute.  
Soft *Io Paeon's*, wafted thro' the Air,  
Charm the still Orbs, and balmy Peace declare!  
The smiling Goddess Tyrant War inchains,  
Takes her firm Seat, and with *Astrea* reigns!  
Diffusive Blessings from their Union flow;  
And cheerful Plenty clears each Anxious Brow:  
But, oh! what alter'd Passion does prophane  
The pleasing Notes, and Breaths a mournful Strain?

\* Frail are our human Joys, and unsincere;  
With ev'ry State Misfortunes interfere!  
Scarce does the Peace her rip'ning Fruits disclose;  
But *Albion* must a greater Blessing lose.  
Her Darling Queen in haste is snatch'd away;  
A brighter Throne expects her Courted Sway.

But must *Astrea*, like the Vulgar, dye?  
Has Death no Golden Dart for Majesty?

Here

\* *Usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas,  
Sed semper aliquid letis intervenit.* Ov. Met.



Here Slumbers ought to do the work of Fate,  
 Anguish and Agonies at Distance wait,  
 Sleep steal the Breath, and Ease the Soul translate,  
 But the Grim King of Terrors does disdain  
 The soft Distinction, and presides in Pain.

A rude Disease invades with raging Force,  
 And to the Nobler Parts directs its Course;  
 Seizes her Sacred Head; and seated there,  
 Does on her Heart its next Assault prepare:  
 The weaken'd Heart, unable to withstand  
 The shock of War, yields to the Foe's Command.  
 Enter'd, he labours to maintain his Ground:  
 And spreads his baleful Influence round.  
 Contending Art in vain her Med'cines tries,  
 Retreating Life before the Victor flies.  
 Th' Officious Care that would some Succour give,  
 Serves to Encrease her Torments, not Relieve.  
 Th' Event is plain; \* all hopes of Rescue cease;  
 Death must compleat the Rage of the Disease.

The Mournful Train, that round her Bed attend,  
 To the Deaf Skies their Ardent Wishes send.  
 Invoke the God of Health, but all in vain;  
 Sigh, Weep, and Pray, Despair, Address, Complain.

Confusion

*Spec abut, fortisquidant in furem mudi.*

Or. Mel.



Confusion on each Charming Village hung,  
 And tender Fears their slack'ning Nerves unstrung.  
 As when a midnight Fire with sudden Blaze  
 Bursts forth, and thro' the Gloom its Flames displays;  
 Th' alarmed Croud its Rage with Horror eye;  
 And Shrieks and Lamentations pierce the Sky:  
 Lost in Surprise, unable to prevent,  
 Each sees his House the spreading Fire augment;  
 With helpless Grief o'er his lost Treasure stands;  
 And shakes his Head, and wrings his lifted Hands.  
 So, round *Astrea's* Couch a weeping Ring  
 Of Beauties press, and vain Condolements bring.  
 With wild Amaze their Sov'reign's Anguish view,  
 And see the fierce Disease her Strength subdue:  
 Lethargick Sleeps her vital Powers oppress;  
 And strong Convulsions her rack'd Nerves possess:  
 Find, she must dye! And with unaiding Moan,  
 Lament the Nation's Treasure and their Own.  
 She, tho' o'erwhelm'd with Agonizing Pains,  
 Pity, her great Privilege maintains;  
 Touch'd with Compassion, does their Sorrows share,  
 And with Her Hand, conjures Them to forbear.  
 With feeble Voice, "Weep not for Me, she cries;  
 "Nor heave your Breasts with unavailing Sighs."



" This fierce Encounter its own Rage shall spend,  
 " And a short Struggle your sick Mistress end.  
 " A Prince Succeeds, who will with just Regard  
 " Approve your Service, and your Love reward.  
 " All will be well!—She said, but could no more:

Prevailing Weakness does her Speech o'erpow'r.  
 In Murmurs the Unfinish'd Accents dye,  
 And the tir'd Organs their lost Tone deny.  
 The drooping Train perceive the New Decay,  
 And Ebbing Life by gradual Steps give way.  
 Again they tremble, and fresh Tears they shed;  
 And her approaching *Dissolution* dread.

Not long they dread, ere Heav'n's resolv'd Decree  
 Takes Place, and sets the *Rejal Sufferer* free.  
 No lab'ring Pangs her parting Soul molest;  
 But, as fatigued with Life, She turns to Rest.  
 Calmly her Breath, in ease Sighs, foregoes;  
 As ripen'd Fruits cleave from the yielding Boughs:  
 Gently, as *Thames's* Silver Currents run,  
 Or Summer Winds fall with the Setting Sun.  
 The mighty Work is o'er!—Her Labours end;  
 And *Death's* admitted, like a welcome Friend.  
 Her disincumber'd Soul with Ardour flies;  
 Quits the Vile World, and seeks its Native Skies.

*Nature,*



Nature, Great Goddess! on whose Working wait  
All the dark *Embryos* of unfinish'd Fate;  
Why did not Prodigies the World alarm,  
And *Albion* for the threat'ned Horror arm?  
Why did not Sanguin Comets baleful glare,  
And with long Fires the signal Change declare?  
Earth should have shook; the lab'ring Sun, o'erspread  
With full Eclipse, have hid his conscious Head;  
Why did not Winds with unknown Fury roar?  
And the hoarse Waters lash the foaming Shore?  
Unwieldy *Whales* should from the Deep have come;  
And *Porcupines* been *Heralds* of her Doom.  
The Fate foreseen had combated Despair;  
Had taught us how to grieve, and how to bear.

But all was quiet, as *Astrea's* Breast;  
Nature, and the calm Season were at Rest.  
The unsuspected Shock prevents the Fear;  
So *Thunders* break, when no black Clouds are near.  
So nimble *Lightnings* dart along the Green;  
Blast and Consump, ere scarce their Fires are seen.  
No busie Terrors their Preface intrude,  
Or Pomp of Prodigies her Death prelude.  
Let Earthquakes, Storms, and Monstrous Omens wait  
To signalize the *Tyrant's* Savage Fate.

But



But rightful Monarchs in their Death maintain  
An Emblem of their Just, Harmonious Reign.

O! She was All a Nation could require  
To satisfy its Hope, or large Desire.  
Sure at her Birth, the Gods in Council sat;  
Resolv'd, a finish'd Virtue to create:  
Imparted all their Pow'rs, and Aid Divine;  
To give the World Assurance of a Queen!  
With Piety the Regal Soul they dress;  
Compassion, Mercy, and soft Love impress;  
And ev'ry Charm that might the forming Gods attest.  
So once (as Poets dream'd) † Pandora rose,  
And to the World did ev'ry Grace disclose.  
Transcendent Beauty did the Maid adorn;  
Bright as the Sun, and lovely as the Morn:  
But Charming as she was, and dear to Sense,  
Th' Exterior Grace made all her Excellence.  
Th' Olympian Pow'rs her outward Parts refin'd;  
But with uncomely Folds disguis'd her Mind:  
Not so Astraea Heav'n inform'd her Soul;  
And with diffusive Virtues blest the Whole.

† ——— ὁ νόμος δὲ τῶνδε γυναικῶν

Πανδώρα. ἣν ἔκτισεν ὁ θεὸς ὡς δῶρον.

Δῶρον ἔδωκεν.

Πάντα δὲ οἱ θεοὶ κόσμον ἐφάρμοσαν Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.

Ἐν δ' ἄρα οἱ εὐθεὶα δαίμων Ἀρτέμιδος.

Ἐδίδαξέ τ' αἰμυλίῳ τε λόγῳ καὶ ἐπὶ κλοπῇ.

Τεῦξε.

Hesiod. in 'Egy. 2. Hm.



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Her Mind to her fair Body was a-kin;  
Without a Goddess, and a Saint within!

Ye Pow'rs! why was your Bounty thus restrain'd;  
Why gave so much, and then withdrew its Hand?  
Why was she form'd so Exquisitely Bright?  
So soon to fade, and yield to Death and Night?  
O! had her Glories been but less confin'd,

She nearer had approach'd th' Immortal Mind!  
But now more Glorious, She, in Bliss, above  
Reigns in the Presence of Eternal Love;  
With Angels mix'd, she tunes her Heav'nly Voice;  
Adores the Throne; and her Chast Spirit employs  
In Hallelujah's and Undying Joys!

There as thou sit'st in unexhausted Light,  
(If any mortal Care ascend that Height,)  
Auspicious from thy dazzling Sphere look down,  
And thy Lov'd Realms with future Blessings crown:

With pitying Eye thy suff'ring Isles survey;  
Regard them, and their grateful Tears repay.  
See, how thy Britain rends her Hair in Grief,  
Bent on Despair, and deaf to all Relief.

Hark, how she sighs! What Groans her Bosom heave,  
As Life, in the strong Wreck, its Seat would leave.

G

Her



Her lost *Astrea* to Excess she Mourns;  
 And to the Ground her downward Eyes she turns;  
 With Sorrow quench'd, her Looks to Earth are bent;  
 And all her Thoughts in drooping Anguish spent;  
 But when, renew'd to Hope, their Balls she rears;  
 And with new Fires their Languid Beams repairs:  
 Then, *Brunswick*, she shall bend their Light on Thee,  
 And distant Comforts in thy Reign survey.

*Thou promis'd Monarch*, come; Thy Land invites  
 Thee, to assume thy Pow'r and Sceptred Rights.  
 Be, what our Hopes have form'd; Be *Britain's Law*;  
 With Wisdom rule; with Resolution awe.  
 On Thee, she all her Glory does repose;  
 To Thee her Faith and vow'd Allegiance owes.  
 Auspicious, come; her Drooping Offspring cheer;  
 And be thy *Albion's Shield*, thy *Albion's Spear*!



**F I N I S**